

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XVI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1887.

NUMBER 18

Published every week.  
\$1.50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## POETRY.

### GOD'S CARE.

Not a brooklet floweth  
Onward to the sea,  
Not a sunbeam gloweth  
On its bosom free,  
Not a seed unfoldeth  
To the glorious air,  
But our father holdeth  
Each within his care.

Not a floweret fadeth,  
Not a star grows dim,  
Not a cloud o'erwhelmeth,  
But 'tis marked by Him.  
Dream not that thy gladness  
(God doth fail to see;  
Think not of thy sadness  
He forgetteth thee.

Not a tie is broken,  
Not a hope laid low,  
Not a farewell spoken  
But our God doth know.  
Every hair is numbered,  
Every hair is weighed  
In the changeless balance  
Wisest love has made.

Power eternal resteth  
In His gracious hand;  
Love immortal leadeth  
Swift at His command.  
Faith can firmly trust Him  
Through the darkest hour;  
For the key she holdeth  
To that love and power.

—Catholic Youth.

## STORE TELLER.

### Sneered At.

"It's a shame and disgrace to the graduating class that any one of us should be dressed so shabbily," said Edith Linton to a group of girls who were discussing the closing exercises of Lester Seminary, now near at hand. "Of course it reflects on us to have a poor nobody with us."

"Particularly since that poor nobody is to recite the valedictory poem," laughed good-natured Bessie Long. "If we could keep her in the corner, or draw attention from her by our own better appearance, she might be overlooked; but if she is shabby, she will be conspicuously shabby that night."

"When people can't dress their children as they ought, they have no right to send them to a school like this," said Edith.

"Oh, I've heard Alga Rivers say her uncle in California pays her school-bill," one of the girls answered. "She says her father is too poor to send her here, and she's going out as a teacher next year."

"Why don't her uncle in California give her decent clothes, then?" Edith said. "It's an insult to every scholar to send a beggar here, where the first families in the country send their daughters. Here's Blanche Armstrong. Blanche, we're discussing Alga River's dress. You sit next to her. How shall you like your elegant white silk grenadine to be cheapened by her coarse white muslin?"

Blanche Armstrong was an heiress, and a leader among the girls. She was not quick in her studies, and was very indolent, but she was not proud, and she had very generous instincts. She thought little of the money lavished on her, but a great deal of the talent and genius which her money could not buy. Of late she had given great dissatisfaction to some of her companions by seeking the society of Alga Rivers.

"How would I like it?" she answered, in her slow way. "Well, I'd like it better if the scholarship covered by the white muslin could be communicated by contact to the white silk grenadine. If I could have written that valedictory poem, I'd be willing to make a bonfire of my wardrobe, and go in coarse serge, at least for awhile."

"Oh my, what noble sentiments!" sneered Edith. "Now, for my part, I must confess that I think to dress well is as necessary to make a lady as her birth or manners, or anything else."

"Oh, but Alga's dress is so awful coarse, Blanche," cried Susie Randolph. "It's a muslin just as coarse as lining, and is made perfectly plain, not a ruffle or flounce on the skirt, nor a shred of lace on the neck. Nothing but a narrow frill of the muslin. Why, it's so shabby one of our servants would be ashamed to wear it!"

"You know," said a gentle-looking girl, "Alga's mother used to be a lady. Oh, I don't mean she isn't a lady now, but she used to be rich; and poor as she is, she will not let Alga wear imitation lace or jewelry. She says it is vulgar, and that a clean, plain, white muslin, no matter how coarse, is in better taste than any imitation."

"She's right!" Blanche said, rousing up to animation. "With Alga's fine figure and face, she can stand the severest simplicity. I only wish I

could, for I'm disgusted with finery."

"I'd like to see you forced to wear Alga's dresses for a while!" Edith cried. "I don't think we'd hear anything more about simplicity."

Blanche seldom took the trouble to argue any question with her companions. She did not answer, but sauntered with her usual languid step to the extreme end of the play-ground. A girl sitting on a bench under the shade of a tree, with dark hair cut short like a boy's, and bright, eager, grey eyes, was reading intently in a large book she held on her knee.

"I've come here for quiet, Alga," Blanche said, throwing herself on the grass. "The girls are chattering like so many magpies over there, and they've given me a headache."

Alga pushed up her short hair with an impatient, boyish gesture. "Chatter, yes! I believe you, especially when dress is the subject. Of course, they've been discussing my course, mean muslin. That will give them enough to talk about until the end of the session. Don't deny it, Blanche. I know my dress was the topic."

"Why should I deny it?" Blanche said, quietly. "You are above such things as dress. I am sure, and can afford to be indifferent to their foolish talk—you who have so much else to think of."

"But I do mind it!" the girl cried, vehemently. "It hurts me to the very quick. I don't mind telling you this, Blanche, for I believe you're my friend; but, do you know, I'd willingly give up most of the prizes I expect to be decently dressed, and know that dunces, Edith Linton, wouldn't be able to sneer at me. Oh, of course, I'm ashamed to feel so, and I see you're ashamed of me for saying it, but it's a truth, nevertheless."

Blanche sat almost astounded at this revelation. She who had believed that people who possessed talent lived habitually in lofty regions, where such petty things as dress never intruded. It was the first time her friend had ever spoken of her personal feelings in such matters, and she was confounded at the revelation.

"I never thought—I never dreamed you were hurt by such things!" she stammered.

"Why, they are constant pin-pricks, and often make me cross and irritable. I shall be glad to get away from here; but then I suppose I shall be obliged to endure the same vexation wherever I go. Of one thing I am certain: a poor teacher won't be expected to dress like rich people!" she added, bitterly.

"We're such intimate friends, you know," Blanche said, hesitatingly, "and we are about the same size. Now, why can't you wear one of my dresses that evening?"

Alga put her hands over her friend's mouth. "Don't say any more, Blanche. I know I'm very foolish, but my dear mother has given me some lessons of independence that I can't forget. My dear, I don't think it would mend matters for me to show myself ashamed of my clothes by flaunting in borrowed finery. I only wish poor mamma had been able to get me a few yards of lace; a muslin frill looks so cheap and dowdy. You see I'm cursed with a taste for delicate toilet accessories."

"I wish you'd let me help you," Blanche sighed.

"You do help me!" Alga cried, throwing her arms around her friend's neck. "Your friendship gives me a better opinion of girls, and helps my better nature; but you shan't help my frivolous, grovelling tastes. It's all over now, Blanche, raising her bright face, where not a shadow remained. "My dark hour has passed. I had become demoralized by dress talk and spitefulness, but 'I've wakened to my marries,' as good old Mammy Dinah used to say. It's among my marries that kind Uncle John has given me an education, and my grumbling is over until I get back home, and begin to practice the 'minor economies,' as Prof. Allen calls them."

"This was brave talk, but Blanche, who was a silent observer, and in a little way a philosopher, noticed that as the eventful day drew near, Alga grew very grave, and was often foolishly irritable. If by any chance she came upon a little knot of girls discussing dress, she would turn from them with a flushed face; her sharp wit was unsparingly used on her companions and, of course, inspired in them a feeling of intense dislike. They whispered to each other that she was so cross and envious that they hated the very sight of her, and hoped that she would lose the prizes. She did not, however. She took

them with a defiant air, so unlike her usual calm dignity, that her teachers stared with surprise. A few hours before the evening exercises, Blanche, who was alone with her, said, "You are not yourself, Alga. What is the matter with you? You are so nervous I'm almost afraid you will break down this evening."

"I shouldn't be surprised if I did," she answered gloomily. "When I am angry I lose my memory, and if I forget a word of my poem I'm sure then to become so confused that I shall make a failure. Oh, you don't know all I have undergone—the hidden taunts and insults that have met me at every turn. To-day I got a caricature of myself in the cheap muslin I am to wear. A frightful thing with a hideous motto that I won't repeat. Do you know, Blanche, I've a great mind to go to bed and say I'm too ill to appear. I've lost all courage."

"You must not do that injustice to yourself and your friends," Blanche said, gently. "Your uncle will be grieved, and I shall be so mortified that I shall not dare to raise my head. Think of your mother, too, and forget all these annoyances."

"I'll try," Alga said, with a faint smile. "I certainly am nervous from over-study, I suppose, or I shouldn't be in such a frame of mind. Blanche, you don't know what it is to feel that you are so disliked that your school-mates are all watching eagerly to see you fail, and if you do they rejoice. If I could only forget them."

Toward night the graduating class appeared, dazzling in their embroidered muslins and greendines made in the most fashionable manner.

"How do you like my dress?" "Oh, it's perfectly lovely!" "What a stylish fit!" "How beautifully your hair is dressed!" "What exquisite flowers!" were whispers heard on every side.

Carrying her head very high, a hot flush on her cheeks, Alga entered the room. She did not know that her coarse, plain muslin fitted her perfectly, and in the absence of all trimming showed off the lines of her fine figure to the utmost advantage.

It seemed taller and finer for the classic simplicity. It suited her style, and with a pang Edith Linton recognized the fact. But she did her malicious best. She threw as much contempt in her glance at the despised muslin as her eyes could express, and gathered up her costly lace flounces as if she was afraid the muslin might touch them.

"Where on earth is Blanche?" she cried, affectedly. "O girls, I'm just dying to see that lovely dress she received from Paris! It's an elegant costume, gloves, fan, shoes to match. Here she comes now. Oh good gracious!"

This exclamation drew all eyes to Blanche. Where was the magnificent toilette? A plain white muslin, made very much like Alga's, neither flounces, laces, ribbons, nor even a breast-pin, but a white rose at her neck standing in lieu of one.

"It's Cinderella reversed, isn't it, girls?" she said, smiling. "I was so disgusted with my finery, I wanted a change, and I thought Alga's dress looked so nice. But I've surprised her as much as anybody, I see," crossing over to Alga and taking her hand.

"I only wish I looked half as well as you look, dear," she said, looking at her with frank admiration. "We're such plain birds we shall, I think, be obliged to keep together to-night, and I am glad of it."

It was as much as Alga could do to keep from bursting into tears.

"I know what you've done this for, you dear, noble girl," she whispered, her eyes shining through repressed tears. "Yes, and you shan't make this sacrifice for nothing. Do you think I could fail with you before me? I'll do my best, for you've made me forget my own foolishness and the petty malice of the other girls."

She did her best, and her best was very good indeed. Her poem was greeted with applause, and Blanche heard more than one person ask eager questions about "that handsome girl who repeated the valedictory poem so exquisitely. Such a beautiful simplicity of dress, actually classic, you know."

Blanche and Alga were close friends through life. Some years afterward, when one day they were talking over their school-life, Alga said: "If it hadn't been for that kind act of yours, Blanche, I don't know what I would have become of me. I was so bitter at that wretched little Edith and the others, that I did not care what became of me. To be sure, it

was foolish and wrong, but I could not help it. When you restored my faith in others, you restored me to myself. I've never forgotten the lesson."

"I learned one, too," Blanche said, laughing. "I found that the simpler the dress, if it only fits well, the more it is admired, by gentlemen, at least; I don't answer for ladies. You are able now to wear what you choose, but I have never seen you look half as well as in that coarse, plain muslin."

"I keep it as an heirloom," Alga said, with her old impetuosity. "When I married, I told my husband the story, and when my children are older, if I see them embittered against any one, they shall hear how silly their mother was, and what a wise, good friend she was blessed with. Ah, Blanche, was there another girl in the world who would have been willing to sacrifice an exquisite toilette just to do an act like that?" —*Youth's Companion.*

## In Boyhood Days.

Dear reader, do you remember the boy at your school who did the heavy falling thro' the ice and was always about to break his neck, but managed to live thro' it all? Do you call to mind the youth who never allowed anybody else to fall out of a tree and break his collar bone when he could attend to it himself?

Every school has to secure the services of such a boy before it can succeed, and so our school had one. When I entered the school I saw at a glance that the board had neglected to provide itself with a boy whose duty it was to nearly kill himself every few days in order to keep up interest, so I applied for the position. I secured it without any trouble whatever. The board understood at once from my bearing that I would succeed. And I did not betray the trust they had reposed in me.

Before the first term was over I had tried to climb two trees at once, had been carried home on a stretcher; been pulled out of the river with my lungs full of water, and artificial respiration restored me; been jerked around over the north half of the county by a fractious horse whose halter I had tied to my leg, and which is now three inches longer than the other, together with various other little early eccentricities which I can not at this moment call to mind. My parents at last got so that along about 5 P.M. they would look anxiously out of the window and say: "Isn't it about time for the boys to get here with William's remains?" They generally got here before two o'clock."

One day five or six of us were playing "I spy" around our barn. Everybody knows how to play "I spy." One shuts his eyes and counts 100, for instance, while the others hide. Then he must find the rest and say "I spy" so-and-so and touch the "goal" before they do. If anybody beats him to the goal, the victim has to "blind" over again.

Well, I know the ground pretty well, and could drop twenty feet out of the barn window and strike on a pile of straw so as to land near the goal, touch it and let the crowd in free without getting found out. I did this several times and got the blinder, James Bang, pretty mad. After a boy had counted 500 or 600, and worked hard to get in the crowd, only to get jeered and laughed at by the boys, he loses his temper. It was so with James Cicero Bang. I knew he always hated me, and yet I went on.

Finally, in the fifth ballot, I saw a good chance to slide down and let the crowd in again, as I had done on former occasions. I slipped out of the window and down the side of the barn about two feet, when I was detained unavoidably. There was a "batten" on the barn that was loose at the upper end. I think I was wearing my father's vest that day, as he was away from home, and I frequently wore his clothes when he was absent. Anyway, the vest was too large, and when I slid down that loose board ran up between the vest and my person in such a way as to suspend me about eighteen feet from the ground in a prominent but very uncomfortable position.

I remember it yet quite distinctly. James C. Bang came around where he could see me. He said: "I spy Bill Nye, and touch the goal before him." No one came to remove the barn. No one seemed to sympathize with me in my great sorrow and isolation. Every little while James C. Bang would come around the corner and say: "Oh, I see ye. You needn't think you're out

of sight up there. I can see you real plain. You had better come down and blind. I can see you up there!"

I tried to unbutton my vest and get down and lick James, but it was no use.

It was a very trying time. I can remember how I tried to kick myself loose, but failed. Sometimes I would kick the barn and sometimes I would kick a large hole in the horizon. Finally I was rescued by a neighbor, who said he didn't want to see a good barn kicked into chaos just to save a long legged boy that wasn't worth over six bits.

It affords me great pleasure to add that, while I am looked up to and madly loved by every one that does not know me, James C. Bang is the brevet president of a fractured bank, taking a lonely bridal tour by himself in Europe and waiting for the depositors to die of old age.—*Bill Nye.*

## The Elephant.

The elephant is a four-footed quadruped, large for his dimensions. In fact, he is the greatest beast known. To be more accurate, he averages about the size of an ordinary three-story house, as any circus poster will show. His skin is wrinkled to allow for contraction by the cold, and is so thick that a ten-inch gun makes no impression on it. In his native country it is sawn up into planks and used to construct bridges. The most wonderful thing about the elephant, however, is his trunk. To this he has so close an attachment that he is never seen without it, and it is the only kind that utterly defies the baggage-smasher. With it he can pick up a pin or delay a railroad train. He is the most sagacious of all animals, and can be taught to do chores, build rail fences—driving all the nails, put children to bed, milk the cows, and do anything else that his own mind can suggest. In fact, in the rainy season, he is employed to wash windows and sprinkle the roads by taking up the water in his trunk. Male elephants are also used to carry and bring letters to and from the postoffice. In captivity his food consists chiefly of peanuts and cookies.—*Journal of Education.*

## A Sudden End to the Game.

One day some men of the Fortieth New York Infantry came to the battery to gamble. I took a hand in the game of seven-up for a dollar a corner and five on the rubber. We spread a blanket on the ground behind the earthworks and squatted around it. My partner, a Fortieth New York soldier, was a heavy-jawed, light-haired, blue-eyed lad of nineteen, and an Albany boy, who played well and fought well. He was a wit, and when in the humor would make a whole regiment of sick men laugh. We were a few dollars winners, and he was graphically and humorously describing the brigade of regulars running against a swamp in the wilderness, and the mythical conversation between the gray-haired commander and the second lieutenant just out of West Point, as the old soldier asked if there was anything in the new books about getting a brigade across a swamp, was delicious. As we laughed the handsome lad fell face down into the blanket and began to vomit blood. We grabbed him, turned him over, tore up his shirt, and saw where a ball had entered his side, cutting a gash instead of a hole. The wounded soldier did not speak. The blood rushed out of his mouth, his eyes glazed, his jaw dropped—he was dead. A chance ball had struck the tire of one of the wheels of the number one gun and glanced forward and killed the delightful comrade. His death ended the game. We put his body alongside of a couple of dead men and buried the three that night.—*Recollections of a Private.*

## Women as Drummers.

A few years since when the business community was startled by the innovation of women as traveling salesmen, it was argued that they would be a success, as they could not fill the many social obligations required to sell large amounts. An experience of two or three years, however, has given the matter an entirely different aspect. It is found that the lady drummer makes an impression on the country merchant, especially in the West, where the male members of the fraternity would fail. A commercial man of large experience says the merchants would hold their orders for the lady drummer. Even though a dozen of

his own sex offer and beg to fill them on advantageous terms.

Again, they are always in need of something when the lady drummer calls, while with the man it is more often, "nothing to-day." The success of the women drummers is much more marked with the merchants of the opposite sex than with their own. Women in trade do not usually take kindly to woman as commercial travelers and it has been suggested that in the future, when everything is "down fine," women will be employed exclusively to sell to the men and the men to take orders from the women in trade; but as only a small proportion of merchants and traders are of the gentle sex it is obvious that when that day comes, if it ever does, the ladies will have a practical monopoly of the business, as the males do now, and the men must then find something else to do.—*Albany Argus.*

## Mental Loading.

It is considered a disgrace to be lazy. He who is too indolent to work for his own living becomes a byword and a reproach. But there is a very common form of laziness which is not always noticed: it is that of the mind. We first become conscious of it in our young days when we "don't feel like study." We dawdle over the book with our thoughts half asleep, and as a result give a fine exhibition of stupidity in the recitation room. This sort of indolence in youth is very dangerous, for it becomes a habit, and the mind grows rusty and dull in the very prime of life when it should be at its best.

On the heels of this form of laziness comes another bad habit—that of intellectual loading. What loading is in the common sense we all know; it is hanging about with no definite aim or purpose, idling away the time without method and without profit. It is known in the dictionary as "reverie." It is a dreamy state of the mind, when the thoughts go wool-gathering. This habit, so common to young people, is fatal to mental growth, many a promising youth is ruined by over-indulgence in it. It wastes time and enfeebles the mental powers. It is really a form of laziness, and it should be sternly corrected at the very outset. The action of the mind should be kept under control. When the thoughts begin to wander, it is time to whip them into order. A resolute will will do it.—*Exchange.*

## He Paid.

A smart young man who engaged the services of a bootblack at the post-office corner said, after the job was finished, that he would see the youngster later.

"How later?" demanded the boy. "Well, in a month or two."

"Going off without paying me?" "Haven't any change, bub. The smallest I have is a \$50 bill."

"I'm very sorry for you, sir, I don't like to proceed to extreme measures. It's not only agin my conscience, but it raises a row in the street."

"How?" "Well, as you start to go away, I cry out: 'Stop thief!' That gathers a crowd in no time. You stop and attempt to explain, but I declare that you snatched a dollar from me. A crowd always sympathizes with a boy, and you'll be collared and held until an officer comes. Then we'll both go over in the patrol wagon, and if they don't find my dollar on you some of the detectives will recognize you as Mollie Matches, Billy Burke, Matt, Kennedy, or some other crooked wanted in Chicago or New York, and then—"

"Say, bub, what's your charge?" interrupted the young man. "Five cents, sir."

"Well, here's a quarter for you, I was only fooling, you know." —*Detroit Free Press.*

## Failure and Success.

What is failure? Is it not a stepping stone to success? Is not every failure one more stone by which we are able to cross the stream that flows between the two banks of Failure and Success? The more failure a man has, the more certain he may be, if he still keeps his shoulder to the wheel, that by placing on failure after another cross the stream he will at last be able to gain that more beautiful side of the river, that success for which he has diligently sought. Do not be disheartened because you have failed once, twice, or three times, but

press onward—make up your mind to gain a certain point, and gain it. Don't rest till you have. Don't rest till you see failure disappearing and success fairly in your hands. It must come sooner or later, if you do only make up your mind not to be beaten. It matters not how poor you may be; once overcome the disappointment of failure and you have attained success.

## Clever Escape From a Paris Jail.

An escape has been made from the Mazas Jail in Paris under most extraordinary circumstances. A prisoner named Altmeyer, belonging to a well-to-do Jewish family, who was undergoing a term of imprisonment for embezzling a sum of \$10,000 from a Paris banker, forged in his cell a letter of dismissal, and obtained his liberty by showing it to the warders and hall porter. It is supposed that while he was being examined in Judge d'Instruction's office he contrived, while the Judge's back was turned, to stamp and mark a sheet of writing paper. In his cell he imitated with marvelous skill the magistrate's handwriting, which he had leisure to study during his confinement of two months and a half. The letter was an order, signed by the Judge in the name of the procurator, to set free the prisoner. He enclosed this in an official envelope, stolen, no doubt, from the Judge's office, and on leaving this before entering the van he handed it to his warder, with a request to take it to the prison director. Arrived at Mazas the prisoner, after remaining for five minutes with the other few inmates, was called up and sent away free.

## A HARD MAN TO KILL.

LIKELY TO FALL APPARENTLY DEAD AT ANY MOMENT—A QUEER CASE.

There is a man in Wall Street, but not for the reason that he is an ordinary dealer in stocks and scalper of straddles. His name is C. K. Eastlan, and he is interesting because he is likely to fall dead at any moment. He has died three times so far, and he doesn't look as though he had yet done his best in that direction. He is fully aware of his peculiar little peculiarity and is unable to explain it to anybody.

The first time he died was when he was thirty years old, and that was about sixteen years ago. He was living in Norwich, Conn. He had suffered with chronic indigestion and was weak and feeble. One evening he was out walking after an unusually hearty supper, consisting of a cracker and a cup of tea, when he fell on the sidewalk. The people who came to his assistance found him to all appearances dead. The doctors declared that he had died of heart disease, and preparations for the funeral were begun the next day. His friends came and looked at his corpse and remarked what a sad case it was and the local papers published full obituaries. On the second night he astonished the watchers by sitting up in his coffin and asking for a drink. When he saw how close he had come to premature burial he came near dying in earnest.

He lived on regularly enough for four years after that. He was down in New Mexico looking after a mine in the summer of 1875, and it was then that he next suspended animation. The New Mexicans never had an idea that he was alive, and as the weather is very warm there he would infallibly have been buried if he hadn't been somewhat expeditious about coming to life. Nobody knew him down there and he was laid out in an undertaker's shop in Santa Fe that served as a morgue. When he came to and wanted to know what he was doing there, he scared the undertaker's assistant into fits.

His third exploit occurred in Philadelphia one hot day two years ago last summer. He was supposed then to have been sunstruck. He carries in his pocket now a carefully written notice containing his address and requesting that he be taken there in case of accident. All his relatives and friends have been notified not to let him be buried without having a good chance to come to life again if he can. But with all his precautions he is haunted by a foreboding that somebody will bury him alive yet. The doctors don't know exactly what is the matter with him, but he has made arrangements with one of them to find out, if possible, when he really does die.—*Mail and Express.*

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1887.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## Death of Mrs. Sarah F. Andrews.

Died at her house, in Watkins, N. Y., Wednesday, April 20th 1887, at 10 A.M., aged 50 years and 8 months. She was born in Hossick, Rensselaer Co., N. Y. Her maiden name was Sarah F. Spicer, the youngest daughter of Captain Spicer, a graduate from the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in 1854. She became the wife of Joel E. Andrews in 1862 and since they had been a resident of Schuylers Co., N. Y. Four children were born to them, viz: Edgar L. aged 21, Minnie F., 19, Jay E., 17, Horner S., 14. They are all grown up. The deceased was a lady of true Christian character, loved and respected by all who knew her. An affectionate wife, a devoted mother, a kind and generous neighbor.

During her long illness, she was patient and enduring. She died of consumption. She was formerly member of the Reading Centre Church.

The funeral services were at Baptist Church in Watkins, Friday at 2 P.M. They were conducted by Mr. Sheldon, the remains were interred in Glenwood Cemetery near the Glen Mountain House. Allen Spicer, of Hossick, the mute brother of the deceased came to Watkins, April 15th, and staid with J. E. Andrews till Mrs. Andrews died. Allen started for home Monday morning.

## A Strawberry Festival.

There will be a strawberry festival, in aid of the Guild of Silent Workers in the Guild room of St. Ann's, West 18th Street, near 5th Avenue, on the Thursday evening of June 9th. Admission 50 cents. Tickets can be had of the committee on entertainments.

## I. N. SPER, Chairman.

A. A. BARNES.

C. J. L. CLERG.

A. L. THOMAS.

G. WITCHEP.

## A Faithless Wife.

THE INTERESTING STORY OF A DIVORCE PETITION.

Some days ago the Bee published the fact that Stephen P. Buckley had procured in the district court a divorce from his wife, Nannie B. Buckley. Behind this simple announcement there is an interesting story.

Mr. Buckley is a mute and has charge of the printing office at the Deaf and Dumb Institute. Last August he sold his property in the vicinity of the institute, and went out to Wyoming, intending to pre-empt a homestead. While he was in the territory, a man named John Brininger, a resident of Fontanille, Iowa, came to Omaha and made his home at Mr. Buckley's house. He soon succeeded in winning Mrs. Buckley's affections from her husband. During Mr. B.'s absence they formed a plan to elope together.

Mr. Buckley soon returned. His wife told him that she would go to Wyoming and live on her sister's ranch which adjoined that of Buckley, until he (Buckley) could build a house on his own ranch. The deaf-mute's party was well received, and surprise many by their success.

At Blair, Neb., Mrs. Buckley was joined by her paramour, Brininger. The two made the journey together to Wyoming, passing as man and wife under the name of Mr. and Mrs. George Cummings. They halted at Sundance, Wyo., where they have since been living together in open violation of the laws of law.

A few weeks after they arrived in Wyoming, Mr. Buckley became suspicious and started for Sundance. On his way, he learned that his wife had been traveling with Brininger. For the first time, he secured proof positive of his wife's faithlessness. He hastened at once to Sundance, but concluded, when he got there, to leave his wife alone, as she seemed fully abandoned to all feelings of honor. Before going, however, he tried to secure possession of his team, but Dakota justice was too much for him, and he was defeated, being compelled to stand the expense of a costly law suit.—Omaha Daily Bee, April 25.

## RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1887

Victim No. 7.

Abe Davison, eleven years old, and a deaf-mute, was struck by the Michigan & Ohio Express West, at Battle Creek, two weeks ago, on the bridge near the depot, and his skull was broken. He cannot recover.

## VICTIM NO. 8.

A West-bound freight train on the Michigan Central, near Kalamazoo, ran over Charles F. Abbott, an insane man, and very deaf, killing him instantly, Saturday night of last week.

# THE TEMIZER.

## News From Every State in the Union.

## FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Temizer*.

Prof. H. King is employed as a shoe cutter by Gokey & Son, at Jamestown, N. Y.

It is reported that the deaf-mutes of New Jersey are going to have a picnic the coming summer. Hoboken is talked of as the place.

Deaf Smith is the name of one of the counties of Northwestern Texas, named after a famous deaf-mute Scout, who lived in that State years ago.

Miss Annie E. Woodall, of Chester, Pa., was surprised by a very pleasant visit from two gentlemen and two ladies last Sunday. They were from Philadelphia and Thirflow, Pa.

Miss Alice M. Hatch, of New York City, accompanied her folks to Larchmont Manor, N. Y., last Monday, where she will spend the warm weather at their new summer residence.

Miss Annie E. Woodall, of Chester, Pa., is going to have a party on her birthday, the 28th of this month, and will be twenty-one years of age. She invites her mute friends to the party.

Bishop Knickerbocker will administer the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation to deaf-mutes at Christ Church, Indianapolis, on Sunday, May 8th, at 4 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Mann will interpret.

On the 25th of May, Mr. E. A. Hodgson will lecture at the Brooklyn Society's rooms, No. 139 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Just think of his subject, and go to see what he has to say on "Thinking."

Mr. Axel V. Bergquist is working for Mr. O. W. Cobb, a merchant tailor in Jamestown, N. Y. He is a first class workman, and has a pleasant wife and a little girl, who, though only two years old, can make the deaf and dumb signs quite well.

Bishop Gillespie confirmed three deaf-mutes on St. Mark's Day, April 25th, at St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan. The Rev. Mr. Mann interpreted. He baptized two persons—adult and infant—during his visit to the Sea City, of the Diocese of Western Michigan.

Two weeks ago, the testimony as to incompetence and unreasonableness of the mind of Thomas Clanton, a deaf-mute, was taken before a notary public at the court house in Woodland, Yolo County, California. Many prominent citizens, including several physicians, who knew him many years, gave testimony and declared him as sane and competent as any one could be. The testimony will be offered in evidence at the superior court of Sonoma County in May, in order to reverse and annul the order of the court in appointing his brother as guardian of Thomas Clanton's person and estate.

Thomas Clanton, an old deaf-mute, frequently called on James C. Harlan, (also a mute) who is employed at the County Clerk and Auditor's office, at Woodland, California, as a deputy. After several lengthy conversations, Mr. Harlan could find no evidence of insane symptoms in Mr. Clanton, who was previously imprisoned in the Insane Asylum. Mr. Clanton expressed great pleasure at having returned to his own home, and it is his intention to stay in Woodland many years. He is about fifty years old, and received a limited education, though competent enough to attend his farming business, which consists of forty acres of rich land, about two miles from Woodland. His education was received at the Illinois Institution, about the year 1858, and also in the California Institution about two years, which was formerly situated in San Francisco. While a young lad, he moved with his parents to California, from Illinois, before the year 1860.

On April 11th, a grand entertainment for the benefit of the Orphan's Home, in the shape of an Author's Carnival, was held at Walker's Opera House at Salt Lake City. It was the leading society event, occurring so soon as it did after Lent, and the net receipts amounted to nearly three thousand dollars, which was sufficient, not only to pay off the mortgage on the Home, but also to leave a handsome balance for the support of the motherless and fatherless children. Though managed by charitable gentle ladies of the highest respectability, the Home was open to children of all creeds, Mormon and Non-Mormon alike. In this entertainment, the pupils of the Deaf-Mute Institute took a part, giving a few scenes from Julius Caesar, viz: the Assassination, Anthony's Speech, and Suicide of Brutus in the shadow pantomime, and two scenes in the open pantomime from Dickens in Nicholas Nickleby. The deaf-mute's part was well received, and surprised many by their success.

## The Mute Extortioner.

Last month, in San Francisco, California, the charge against J. E. Stromberg, the deaf and dumb man charged with extorting money from C. H. Peterson by threatening to expose what he claimed to be a secret scheme, which resulted in the death by foul play of Alfred A. Peterson, was heard before Judge Hornblower, of the Police Court. It appearing from the testimony that simply an attempt to extort money had been made, and that on the whole it amounted only to a misdemeanor, Stromberg was allowed to plead guilty to the lower grade of crime, and he was sentenced to one hundred and twenty days at the House of Correction.

## A Deaf and Dumb Old Lady Winged For A Burglar.

In San Rafael, California, an unfortunate shooting affray happened about 2 o'clock in the morning, on March 20th, 1887, the principal actor being a young man named Gordon Clark. The young man came home about 10 o'clock and went to bed, and was awakened by a noise in the house. He got up to get his revolver from a bureau drawer, and placed it under his pillow. After a short time his bedroom-door was opened, and Miss Cornell, his aunt, who is deaf and dumb, walked in, when young Clark shouted "Stop, or I will shoot," three or four times, but no attention being paid to his shouts, he fired. After firing, it was found that she was his aunt. The ball struck her in the left leg going through the flesh and lodging in the right leg. Fortunately the bullet only caused flesh wounds, and the old lady is getting along well.

# KENDALL GREEN.

## Presentation Day at the National Deaf-Mute College.

## A DISTINGUISHED ASSEMBLY.

## THE QUEEN OF HAWAII ATTENDS.

## The Papers Read and the Degrees Conferred.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE JOURNAL.)

WASHINGTON, May 4.—As this dispatch goes tingling over the wires, a delighted throng of visitors are wending their way through the well-kept grounds at Kendall Green, and admiring the beautiful surroundings of the National Deaf-Mute College. The exercises of Presentation Day are concluded, and the celebration of the Twenty-third Anniversary of the College has attested, beyond question, to the excellent progress being made in the higher education of the deaf.

The Fates were propitious to the college to-day. The weather is delightful, and at the Green the air is filled with a delicious perfume of floral fragrance emanating from the huge vases of rare plants which adorn the Chapel terrace. The campus and lawns look simply resplendent in their dress of early foliage, choice flowers and budding plants, while here and there, the rustic seats under the statey old elms offer an inviting retreat for viewing a combination of natural and architectural beauty such as is rarely seen. One of the many agreeable features of the College grounds are the asphalt walks extending in every direction, and which, with the shady trees, the carefully trimmed lawns and flowering plants give to the whole Green the appearance of an extensive park—which in reality it is.

The interior of the college chapel looked pleasant with its simple adornments—the busts of De F6pe, Starnard and President Garfield, and the large oil portraits of the Hon. Amos Kendall and Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, upon all of which the stained glass of the windows shed a many-colored light producing to the eye a most agreeable effect.

In the chapel arrangements had been made early in the day, for the reception of a large audience. By three o'clock, the edifice was completely filled. A few minutes later, the procession of dignitaries, professors, honorary guests and the graduating class, headed by Marshall Harry Gross, issued from the President's office, passed through the main vestibule and, entering at the northwest entrance of the chapel, proceeded to the platform.

First came President Gallaudet, escorted by Ex-President Chapin, of Beloit College, followed by Ex-President Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, President Patton, of Howard University, District of Columbia, President Walling, of Columbian University, Washington, Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, Senator from Virginia, and a trustee of the College, representing the United States Senate, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, Professor A. Graham Bell, Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, Rev. Dr. Elliott, Rector of the Ascension Church, Washington, the Trustees of the College, and Dr. Fay, and Professors Porter, Gordon, Draper, Chickering, and Hotchkiss, of the College Faculty.

When all had been seated, the exercises were formally commenced with an invocation by Rev. Eugene Peck, Pastor of the Eastern Presbyterian Church.

The Literary exercises were then opened by President Gallaudet, who, in a few words, gave a short history of the College since its founding. The following order of exercises was then carried out with the exception of the reading of Mr. McCarthy's paper which was omitted.

"The Forces of Vegetable Life."—Michael Gerald McCarthy, Illinois.

"The Royal Society, Its Founders and Early Members."—Edward P. Cleary, Ohio.

"Goethe's 'Iphigenie auf Tauris.'"—Dudley Webster George, B.A., '76, Illinois.

This closed the first part of the exercises. After a short intermission, the programme was resumed. Messrs. Fox and Robinson were not present, but their papers were read by members of the Faculty.

ORATION.  
"The Sources of Shakespeare's Characters."—Thomas Francis Fox, B.A., '85, New York.

ORATION.  
"The Will."—Warren Robinson, B.A., '84, Wisconsin.

ORATION.  
"Emerson."—George William Veditz, B.A., '84, Maryland.

Upon the conclusion of Mr. Veditz's paper, the graduating class and the other candidates for degrees were presented by President Gallaudet in a few very appropriate words. The candidates with the degrees to be conferred were:

FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS.  
Dudley Webster George, B.A.  
Thomas Francis Fox, B.A.  
Warren Robinson, B.A.  
George William Veditz, B.A.

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS.  
Edward P. Cleary.

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.  
Michael Gerald McCarthy.

The Presentations being concluded, President Gallaudet announced that the Faculty of the College had the pleasure of conferring the degrees of Ph. D. upon Richard Elliott and Rev. William Stainer, of London, both of whom are prominent in the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb of Great Britain.

After the announcement of the conferring of degrees, the Rev. Aaron L. Chapin, D.D., ex-President of Beloit College, was introduced and made a very forcible address, which was well received. Just before the benediction, the vast audience became aware of the presence of Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii, and suite who had just arrived from the reception tendered her by President and Mrs. Cleveland. The distinguish party were received by President Gallaudet, and went through the formality of introduction to the prominent guests present. Subsequently the queen and her party were shown through the College buildings and gymnasium, and expressed her surprise and pleasure in the exhibition of such superior advancement in the higher education of the deaf.

The exercises were brought to a conclusion with an benediction by Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., ex-President of Williams College, after which the audience dispersed, and availed themselves of the opportunity to inspect the numerous objects of interest contained in the College Building, the Kendall School and the Gymnasium.

The class of '87, which has for its motto: "Nulla aetas ad perdiscedum est," is small in number, but none the less a prominent class.

Mr. McCarthy has made quite a reputation as a botanist, in connection with his work for the United States Agricultural Department, for which he has made several expeditions with favorable results. Mr. Cleary, though not so well known, is a young man of ability and promise. It is safe to say that both the gentlemen will be a credit to their Alma Mater.

Credit is due to the Marshall, Mr. Harry Gross and his aids, Messrs. Boland, Standacher, Charles, Goldberg, Van Allen, Marr and Long for the excellent arrangements for seating the large audience.

The committee on the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial, consisting of T. A. Froehlich, of New York, chairmen of the Executive Committee, Rev. Job Turner, of Virginia, Dudley Webster George, of Illinois, Prof. Amos Draper, of Washington, and Edwin A. Hodgson, of New York, held three sessions to consider the models presented for competition and to determine upon the sculptor. Mr. French's model was selected and to him was awarded the contract for the statue.

## Plain Truths About Stock Speculation.

The Book, "Plain Truths About Stock Speculation," is highly spoken of by the New York Observer, the Brooklyn Eagle, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and Silent World. It is a book of great value, being full of facts and information, which everybody wants.

Copies mailed to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents.  
Address:  
MORRIS SMITH,  
208 Washington St.,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Rev. J. Chamberlin's Appointments.

Saturday, April 30, 7:30 P.M., Providence, R. I., Guild Room, 436 High Street.

Sunday, May 1, 10:45 A.M., Providence, All Saints Church.

Sunday, May 1, 1:30 P.M., Providence, All Saints Church.

Sunday, May 1, 7:30 P.M., Providence, Church of the Redeemer.

Monday, May 2, 7:30 P.M., Worcester, Mass., All Saints Church.

Tuesday, May 3, 7:30 P.M., Manchester, N. H., Grace Church.

Wednesday, May 4, 7:30 P.M., Lowell, Mass., Room of Silent Society.

Thursday, May 5, 7:30 P.M., Beverly, Mass., St. Peter's Church.

Friday, May 6, 7:30 P.M., Lynn, Mass., St. Stephen's Church.

Sunday, May 8, 12 M., Boston, Mass., Church of the Good Shepherd.

Sunday, May 8, 2:30 P.M., Cambridgeport, Mass., St. Peter's Church.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. It contains the latest news.

## CALIFORNIA.

(Woodland Daily Democrat, March 16, 1887.)

The man from whose lips first emanated the saying, "Truth is stronger than fiction," evidently knew whereof he spoke. The truth of his words is being demonstrated every day. The latest instance of the kind now comes from Sonoma and Napa counties, California, and rivals the stories we often read in the blood and thunder weekly story papers of the East. The story shows that all the cool calculating villains on earth are not dead yet. The victim of the plot is Thomas Clanton, a deaf-mute, and a brother of Jeff and Drury Clanton, of Woodland, California, and Dave Clanton, of Sonoma County.

The facts of the case are about as follows: Thomas Clanton, the deaf-mute, owns considerable land in Yolo county, and he certainly needs all the land he has, as by his infirmity he is shut out of almost every branch of labor. The fact of the deaf-mute having so much wealth has doubtless preyed upon the mind of the brother Dave, who keeps a lively stable twelve miles from Santa Rosa in Sonoma County, and he some time since began to concoct a scheme, whereby he could dispose of his brother in such a manner that he, Dave, could secure the property. During the past eight months, Dave has been to Woodland three times with the avowed intention of visiting his brothers, but these visits were very probably a part of a well manufactured scheme to get the deaf-mute in his power. The upshot of the whole matter was that last July, Thomas, in response to an invitation from his brother Dave, went over to Sonoma County to make him a visit. A few weeks ago, Thomas tired of Sonoma County and wishing to come home, wrote to his brother Drury, of this place, for money. The request of the deaf-mute was immediately complied with, but for some reason, he never received the cash. It is said that Dave secured the money and appropriated it to his own use. Tom began to wonder why it was the money did not come, and one day was flatly told by Dave that he should not go home. Dave then began to treat Tom so brutally that one day he started on foot for Yolo County. He had not proceeded far when he was overtaken by Dave, who by many threats and gestures forced the old man to go back to his, Dave's house.

Within a few days after this Dave, by means of misconstructing the true facts of the case, went before the Superior Court of Sonoma County and secured letters of guardianship over Tom's person and property. He stated to the Court that Tom was insane, and consequently incompetent to care for himself. In a few days more Dave again went before the court, and the Judge, thinking that as Dave was the man's brother nothing crooked could exist, granted him an order allowing him to sell the deaf-mute's property. This, of course, has not yet been done, nor is it now very likely to be.

A few days since the two Woodland brothers of Tom, Drury and Jeff, by a mere accident learned that Tom was not getting along all right and consequently, on Monday morning, the two brothers accompanied by Col. G. P. Harding, their attorney, went over to Santa Rosa, meaning to take a trip over and see Tom and Dave. When they got off the train at Santa Rosa they were met by another deaf-mute, Marvin Kellogg, who told them all the facts in the case and wound up with the startling intelligence that Tom was then behind the walls of the State Insane Asylum at Napa. The feelings of the two brothers may be better imagined than described. They at once instituted inquiries and found that all Kellogg had told them was entirely correct, and at that time Tom was lying in the Asylum thinking that all his brothers had conspired against him. Mr. Clanton learned that when Tom was taken to the jail, charged with insanity, that every artifice was used to get him behind the bars. Tom followed the men in, not knowing that he was to be locked up, and when he discovered his position he sprang like a lion at the men and before he could be stopped had felled several of the men to the ground. He was finally overpowered and looked up, and in a short time was taken into Court to be examined as to his insanity. The brother, Dave, swore he was insane, and was backed in his allegations by several others. The result was that Tom was found to be insane and was forthwith taken to the Napa Insane Asylum. The guilty brother now probably thought all was well, but by this time, has probably learned that a brother's love is something not so easily trampled upon. As a matter of course, Jeff and Drury Clanton, immediately started for the Asylum, accompanied by Col. Harding, Hon. Jos. Craig and Lou Everett, all of Woodland, and Dwight L. Hackett, of Napa. When they arrived at the Asylum, Drury Clanton, who did not want to interfere if Tom was insane, said he would walk in a certain place and see if his brother would recognize him. Tom's attention was attracted the other way, however, and he did not see his brother until Drury went and stood near the window; then Tom saw him; his eyes lit up with joy and the color came and went in his cheeks. He started for his brother to embrace him but suddenly stopped. He had been under the impression that Drury was too against him. Finally one of the men present, who could stand the affecting scene no longer told Drury to go and meet Tom and this convinced him that he, Drury, had not turned against him. When Tom saw his brother coming, he was the happiest man on earth. He ran to him

and began to cry for joy. It was a most affecting scene, and there was not a dry eye in the crowd.

There was but little difficulty in convincing the Asylum officials that Tom was as sane as any one. The only thing that ailed him was neuralgia, which had been caused by an aching tooth. This was at once removed, and after a little formality Tom Clanton stepped from under the arched portals of the Asylum, and was again a free man. His brother Drury gave him a cigar to smoke, which he took with joy, making signs to his brother that he had only been allowed to smoke once during the entire time he was away from Woodland. As Tom is a great smoker, this was quite a privation. When the party got to Napa, they went to a hotel for dinner; while there the news of the affair got noised about, and the group was the center of a large crowd during their stay at Napa. The affair was denounced in unmeasured terms by the good citizens of that place, and many were the expressions of sympathy heaped upon the brothers.

## IN WOODLAND.

The party arrived home on the train last evening, and went immediately home. This morning, the brothers were interviewed by a Democrat representative, who found Tom the jovial, good-natured fellow he used to be and no nearer insane than he ever was. During the time of the interview, he would glance up at his brother Drury, in a most affectionate way, and made many signs to show how good Drury and Jeff had been to him. Thomas Clanton, though unfortunately enough to be deaf and dumb, is as nice a man as can be found. He is above the average in intelligence, and very easily makes himself understood by a code of signals. He is everybody's friend, and every one is glad to hear of his successful escape. The matter will probably never come up in the courts except in order to reverse the order of the Court appointing Dave as Tom's guardian. It certainly is a queer piece of business, and one that will brand David Clanton with infamy as long as he lives.

## A Suggestion Seconded.

MR. EDITOR:—Please kindly allow me space in your paper in order to approve a suggestion offered by "One of the Oldest Inhabitants."

The writer has been in Washington for a good many years, and he has wondered why such a date for the next Convention as in August, 1888, was appointed and to be held in a city where about that time the sun becomes red hot, and as all the streets in that city are paved with asphalt from which the heat becomes more intense with the aid of the red hot sun. Should the date be unchanged, I shall not be surprised to find the big public pest houses filled with sun-stricken people.

Here comes another reason, as Congress have long and short sessions, which come alternately. The last session was a short one, having adjourned the fourth day of last March, then the long one will come next and judging from the past, it generally ends about the end of June or first of July. So in case the convention takes place in the middle or last week of June, the visitors will most likely get an opportunity to see Congress in session and see all the familiar faces that were printed in the illustrated newspapers. When adjournment of Congress is nearing, they generally have night sessions, when the Capitol will be in full blaze. In the afternoons, the principal avenue is crowded with people of fame, from all parts of the world, promenading with their families.

Still comes another reason. The National College closes in the middle of June. It is the only one of that kind in the world, and was founded by a son of the benefactor to whom we will honor by the erection of a statue on its grounds. So it would be a fitting way for every student to represent the college at the unveiling.

Therefore, for the above reason, I do earnestly approve the suggestion offered by "One of the Oldest Inhabitants," only that I should prefer an earlier date than the last week of June, in order to give the visitors a chance to see the gayeties of Washington, during the session, and also to afford the students an opportunity to stay till the unveiling is over.

Though it does not make much difference, if the latter date is adopted, as it is better than to go away down so near a red hot furnace and get us melted away.

Trusting that the officers of the Convention will give the suggestion by "One of the Oldest Inhabitants" a careful and favorable consideration, I remain

Yours Truly,  
G. C. SAWYER.

## Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

May 5—Cleveland.  
7—Indianapolis, 7:30 P.M.  
8—Indianapolis Institution, 9 A.M.  
8—Indianapolis, Christ Church, 4 P.M. Confirmation.  
8—Indianapolis, St. Paul's, 7:30 P.M. Probable.  
15—Open.  
18—Mansfield, O., 3:00 and 7:30 P.M.  
19—Kenton, O., 3:00 and 7:30 P.M.  
20—Kenton, O., Confirmation.

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# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The appeal in the Broadway Railroad case of New York city will be argued before the General Term of the supreme Court next Tuesday, the counsel on both sides agreeing in court to-day to that date.

The largest gas well in the world has just been discovered at Fairmont, near Muncie, Indiana. The test of Prof. Orton, State Geologist of Ohio, shows that it is flowing nearly 12,000,000 feet per day.

ONE of those dreadful marine disasters which too frequently happen near the rock bound shores of St. Johns, N. F., occurred at the southwest island of Channel Harbor on Sunday morning and all the crew drowned.

The Royal Commission on Arterial Drainage has recommended the expenditure in Ireland by the government of \$1,325,000 in improving the River Shannon, \$575,000 in the Barrow and \$400,000 in improving the Bann.

The defeat of local option in one town in Ohio led to a riot and the shooting of several young men; while in another prohibition victory led to an attempt to destroy the town hall and other public buildings by the saloon keepers.

MR. PARNELL has selected Mr. William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, as the home rule candidate for Northeast Cork, to oppose the Unionist in the House of Commons caused by the resignation of Mr. Edmund Leamy, home ruler.

A DESPATCH from Perth, West Australia, says that several of the pearl fishing boats supposed to have been lost in the recent hurricane were blown out to sea, and have since returned to port. The estimate of the loss is thus reduced to 27 boats and 250 lives.

The situation in Afghanistan is becoming dangerous, as the Amerer has been badly defeated by rebels, said to have been encouraged by the Russians. No progress toward a boundary settlement has been made by the Russian and English Boundary Commission.

The bones of a Frenchman who bore a remarkable resemblance to Marshall Ney were exhumed at Third Creek, N. C. to ascertain whether the skull bore evidence of the trephining operation the Marshall had undergone. The bone was too far decomposed to afford light on the question.

ADVICES from St. Petersburg state that on April 26th nihilists set fire to a police station in that city, and that eight policemen perished in the flames, while 19 others were or less injured. The day following a timber yard was destroyed by fire and several workmen and firemen were killed.

The Trustees of Johns Hopkins University have been notified of the gift by Mrs. Adam T. Bruce, of New York, of \$10,000 to be used to establish a fellowship of biology. The gift was made as a memorial of her son, Adam Bruce, who died while holding the position of instructor in that science at the University.

The Governor of Herat has sent another demand to the Amerer for reinforcements. He states that the Russians are advancing their position, and are seeking the Afghans. Traders arriving at Herat report that the Russians have removed the pillars erected by the Boundary Commission. Numbers of Russians frequent the bazaar at Herat.

The Chairman of the Town Commissioners at their meeting in Bournemouth, May 2d, read a letter from Mr. Daniel Manning thanking them for the formal welcome to Bournemouth which they extended to him on April 19. Mr. Manning's health continues to improve. In his letter of thanks Mr. Manning says that he finds Bournemouth a very pleasant place, and that he has a general estimate, the hospitality of authorities, and its good citizens.

GOVERNOR GORDON to-day issued pardons to John Kelly, of the Florida Legislature, and his brother, Charles Kelly. They were under sentence of the State of Florida, and Penitentiary of Georgia for their part in a shooting in 1871. They succeeded in raising themselves to positions of honor and trust in their new home by strict integrity. Both gentlemen are very influential in the part of Florida in which they live, having held several county offices, and served as a leading part in the politics of the State.



## A College Publication.

## WHY NOT?

## Minor Matters.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

About once every year, an animated discussion of the practicability of starting some kind of a college publication occurs, and a great many opinions, *pro* and *con*, are exchanged by those interested in the matter. Usually these are the sanguine ones, who are sure of the success of the paper, and want to start it right away, and likewise there are the timid ones, who are equally sure of its failure. Hitherto, nothing has come of these discussions, and probably the present one will end in an equally abortive manner. But the question intrudes "Why not?" There is not the least doubt that the students need a publication of some sort, nor that it would do a great deal of good, if obtained. It is certain that it would furnish a very desirable stimulus to literary exertion, a stimulus which even no Literary Society does not supply. If a college monthly magazine, something like the Yale *Courant*, Harvard *Crimson*, or Bowdoin *Orient*, were started, the students ought to be able to keep it sixteen or twenty pages filled with creditable productions, and it would be most welcome to the steadily increasing *alumni* of the college. A well known printing firm in this city estimates the cost of a magazine of the kind referred to at about fifty dollars a month for an edition of five hundred copies—or about four hundred dollars a year, supposing it were published eight times a year. Advertisements would pay a good share of the expenses of the magazine, and the *alumni*, students and friends of the college generally are certainly numerous enough to do the rest. It would not be bad to try to run such a magazine for one year, and let the success with which it should meet decide whether the experiment should be continued. It is to be hoped that the discussion this time will take some definite shape, and that the projectors will canvas the matter in earnest.

The exercises of the meeting of the Literary Society, last Friday evening, opened with an essay on "Letters and letter writing," by Hofstater, '89. A debate upon the question: "Resolved, that teachers have more influence over the character of children than parents have," was to have taken place between Marr, '89, and Beadell, '91, on the Affirmative side, and Painter, '89, and Hart, '91, but owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Painter, the debate was dispensed with. A dialogue followed between Messrs. Boland, '88, and Leitner, '90, and the exercises closed with a declamation of "Marco Bozzaris," by "Kegensberg, '90.

On Saturday last, a game of baseball was played between the Kendalls and the High School nine, which resulted in a score of nineteen to one in favor of the former. The battery consisted of Leitner and Storer. The result of the game was something of a surprise, as in a game a few days previous, the High School nine had come off victorious by a score of twenty-eight to six. Storer makes a very good catcher, and if the nine generally plays as well as it did Saturday, it will do itself credit before the season is over. A little more practice will work wonders. As it is, the nine shows marked improvement already, especially in base running.

A deaf-mute living in North Carolina, and an intimate friend of Bingham, the murderer of Miss Turlington, is in Washington. He is reported as saying that Bingham is now in Paris, having been met there by people who knew him in North Carolina, and who, out of regard for his family, would not secure his arrest. The North Carolina papers are very indignant at the action of these people. Not much faith can be put in such a report, but if it is true, an American deaf-mute in a French city cannot remain hiding very long, and it will be easy to secure his extradition. The deaf-mute, of whom we speak, has come north, because popular indignation is very strong against deaf-mutes in North Carolina, and they are regarded as a dangerous class.

Quite a blaze occurred in the Primary Department last Tuesday, and had it happened at any other time than it did, it might have resulted very seriously. A furnace, used by one of the ladies of the school to burn colors into China, in some inexplicable manner set fire to the woodwork, but the fire was discovered and extinguished before it did any particular damage.

The last regular exercises of the gymnasium were held on Friday, and the students are more than half glad of it. However excellent a gymnasium training may be for a student, it gets rather monotonous. An exhibition drill will be given for the benefit of visitors on Presentation Day.

Our botanist McCarthy, '87, has an article, entitled "A Botanical Tramp through North Carolina," in the April number of the *Botanical Gazette*. The sketch is an interesting one, and the author reels of the jaw-breaking botanical names of the plants he observed with a *sans froid*, which bespeaks an old hand.

A majority of the members of the H. O. S. S. have decided to get badges suitably inscribed with the emblems and mystic initials of the Order. The badges are inexpensive, and it is hoped that all the members will get them. Members of the Alumni, who cherish grateful memories of their connection with our honored society, might secure them also.

Mr. H. Stafford, of Marquette, Mich., who was last year connected with the Kendall School, but who was compelled to withdraw, on account of ill health, is in Washington to consult an aurist, and visited the college on Saturday.

Marr, '89, went to Baltimore on Saturday to consult Dr. Chisholm, the well-known English aurist. He returned the same afternoon, having been assured that with proper cultivation his hearing would improve very much.

The preparations for Presentation Day, include a general straightening up of every thing on the Green. The urns of flowers have been put in their places on the terrace wall, the lawns have been clipped, the asphalt walks mended here and there, coats of paint laid on where needed, and everything placed in apple-pie order.

John Wagner, some time ago, a pupil of the Kendall School, died at his home in this city on Monday of consumption. He was buried on Wednesday. O'Rourke, '91, one of his old classmates, acted as one of the pall-bearers.

It is said that "The Deaf-Mute Institution at Kendall Green" was the subject for compositions recently assigned to a class in the Washington High School. Two young men visited the college on Saturday for the purpose of collecting information.

The committee having the Presentation hop in hand, are working hard to make the event a success, and hope to make it an occasion the equal of which has not been seen on the Green since the days when '84 and '85 made things "hum." The gymnasium, where the ball is to be held, will be tastefully draped with flags and bunting.

We are glad to say that Prof. Hotchkiss, who has so long been laid up with an attack of rheumatism, is able to leave his room for an occasional ride. We hope to see the professor all right again in a very short while.

During the past week, two volumes of the old *Silent World*, which was published in Washington, from 1871 to 1875, by a number of young men, of whom Prof. Hotchkiss was the leading spirit, have been lying on the reading-room table, and have been examined by the students with great interest. The volumes form part of the collection of deaf-mute periodicals which Prof. Gordon is collecting.

The Misses Gallaudet returned home on Saturday from a short visit to Hartford, Conn., they having gone North with Miss Upson, who has been visiting for some time at Dr. Gallaudet's residence.

Mr. Kiesel, of the Kendall School, delivered the sermon yesterday afternoon. VAX.

May 2, 1887.

## Southern Indiana.

In our last letter, during December, we made a few remarks about a California gold digger, long haired and carrying a heavy cane. He reappeared in our burg during the middle of January, perhaps on account of the liberal treatment he received during his first visit. But as we had, soon after his first visit, put a notice in the papers, advising the people not to aid such persons, but fire them, his second visit was a failure. He, after having made a few calls, began to smell something out of the way, and, making inquiries, he soon learned about that notice, and, repairing to the *Independent* office, with blood in his eyes, he became furious and swung his heavy cane threateningly in the air, leaving word that he would be back in a few days for our scalp. He went off via St. Louis.

A deaf-mute by the name of G. Franklin, called at our place of business. He is selling books on education of deaf-mutes. We asked him to let us see a copy of the book, when he laughingly replied that he was in a hurry, and had to go. He did not sell any books in the town, so we did not get a chance to see the book. I think he is a fraud, and ought to be looked after. He says he came from Lafayette, Ind. He also left via St. Louis, and perhaps Denver, Col. "Solid Muldoon," look out for a fellow who keeps his eyes nearly shut, and shakes his head in an angry all the time you talk to him.

George Newton, for whose whereabouts we have been making inquiries for the last two years, and whom we had given up for dead, suddenly makes his appearance by writing us a long letter, in which he states his adventures and doings since he last saw us. He has been about the Ohio River, and has resigned from more than a dozen different positions, and at present, he has a shoe shop and is working at his trade. We wish him success. His address is Derby, Perry Co., Ind.

Jack Harding, a deaf-mute and former pupil of the Indiana Institution, lives at Oakland City. He is a coal digger, and a strong well-built fellow.

John Stephenson, who was the champion distance jumper in the bygone happy school-days, is doing well in his shoe-making trade. He owns a shoe-shop at Marango, a pretty village, near which is the entrance to the

famous Marengo Cave, said to be the finest natural wonder in Southern Indiana. I hope the Evansville deaf-mutes will form a party and take in one of the excursions to the Cave this summer. Last summer, there were two excursions. Round trip, including admission to the Cave, was only \$1.50.

While reading the newspapers, we came across the following verse:

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,  
With the skin he made him mittens,  
Made them with the fur side inside,  
Made them with skin side outside;  
He, to get the warm side inside,  
Put the inside skin side outside;  
He, to get the cold side outside,  
Put the warm side for side inside;  
That's why he put the fur side inside,  
Why he put the skin side outside,  
Why he turned them inside outside.  
—Unknown Exchange.

Now, "Hiawatha," there must be some meaning or moral in that verse, and if it is not too modern for you, we wish you would explain it.

It was with sorrow that we learned of the death of Charles Daly. He was a young man, respected and beloved by all who knew him. We met him at the Reunion last summer, and he said he was ready to be called from this world. We were in doubt of his living more than three months. Yet he has braced up manly and borne his sufferings through the winter and with the spring when the earth is clothed in its loveliest, his soul taketh flight to the land where suffering is unknown. May he rest in peace.

## ONCE IN A WHILE.

## MICHIGAN.

ITEMS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE—  
TAKEN FROM LATEST EXCHANGES AND  
CONDENSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE  
JOURNAL.

Abe Davison, eleven years old and a deaf-mute, was struck by the Michigan and Ohio Express West, at Battle Creek, two weeks ago, on the bridge near the depot, and his skull was broken. He cannot recover.

Wm. H. Brown, of Coldwater, travelling agent for the Coldwater firm, was in Lansing last week, the guest of C. R. Barnett.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hull, of East Fawas, who have been visiting Tom R. Leach last week, returned to their home.

C. R. Barnett, of Lansing, went to Williamston and Webberville, this week. Business matters called him there.

Miss Effie A. Hitchcock, of Flint, who has been visiting her cousin and friends in Portland, for the past four weeks, returned home Monday of last week.

William Gluckstein, formerly of Detroit, who has been in Toledo for the past two or three weeks, left some time since for a pleasant visit with friends in Detroit and St. Clair, and intends to go from the latter place to Bay City, where he expects to find a good situation at his trade. May success go with him.

A West-bound freight train on the Michigan Central, near Kalamazoo, ran over Charles F. Abbott, an insane man and very deaf, killing him instantly, Saturday night of last week. Abbott was formerly one of the most prominent miners of Colorado, the discoverer of several valuable mines.

Michigan's vote on the prohibition amendment cannot be officially announced until, perhaps, the middle of May. The State Board of Canvassers will not be called together until it is certain all the country returns have been received. May 20th will be the latest date allowed by law for the Canvassers.

CONEOS.

## Philadelphia Catholics.

## EDITOR JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR:—According to our constitution, the members of the Del'Epee C. D. M. A., of Philadelphia, proceeded, yesterday, to the election of new officers, which were elected by the majority, as follows: President, Mr. Edw. J. Carr; Vice-President, Mr. Timothy McCarthy; Secretary, Mr. Wm. Fields; Treasurer, Mr. J. J. Coyle; Librarian, Mr. Alf. Maginn. These officers shall serve for the term of one year.

The chapel of the Catholic Mission is now a true jewel. Thanks to the generosity of a great many friends. Confirmation was administered by the most Rev. Archbishop Ryan to twenty-one deaf-mutes.

The Catholic mutes of Philadelphia are working hard now making arrangements for a grand excursion to Atlantic City. We hope to see our New York and Brooklyn friends on that occasion.

Mr. Finn, we are sorry to say, is dangerous ill, and we are afraid his days are counted.

Sincerely Yours,

O.

## Empire State News.

Mrs. Geo. M. Cross, of Alloway, N. Y., enjoyed herself visiting Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jeffers, on the 2d ult. They have two little daughters, who can hear, and are smart. Mrs. Jeffers and her two daughters talk of going to New York City to see her folks next fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Cuddeback, of Lyons, N. Y., expect to start for West Virginia, next month, on a visit to their sister, Mrs. John Pickens, if nothing prevents.

Mrs. Joel E. Andrews is very sick with consumption.

Mr. C. Cuddeback received a visit from Mr. Sam Taber about two weeks ago. Mr. Taber lives in Auburn, N. Y., and got lonesome while his wife was away to Brooklyn, N. Y.

## NEW YORK

## The Gallaudet Club Dines.

## MARRIAGE BELLS

## Events of the Week.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The sixth inaugural dinner of the Gallaudet Club took place at Martinielli's, on Fifth Avenue, Wednesday evening, April 27th, and the amount of good cheer that prevailed throughout the evening, combined with the flow of wit and the excellence of the menu, gave evidence of the prosperity of that high-toned organization.

It was almost half past eight when President Fox, standing at one end of the table, facing his successor in office, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, rapped his gavel, and without more ado, the twenty full dressed young gentlemen fell to, and for the next couple of hours were busy testing the epicurean qualities of Martinielli's best. Speeches were made by the retiring and new-elected officers. The evening passed altogether too quickly, the good feeling and hilarity being incessant until while engrossed with their coffee and cigars, some twenty time pieces showed it was within the hour of midnight and adjournment ended the sixth inaugural dinner of the Gallaudet Club, with every promise it would live to enjoy as many more.

On Thursday afternoon, the 28th inst., a most interesting wedding took place in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, on West 16th Street. Miss Mary Kinny was united in matrimony to John Lloyd, Jr.

The bride, who is a graduate of the Westchester Institute, but was formerly a pupil at Pauwode, was attired in a very becoming costume of brown silk, with straw hat to match, while the bridesmaid, Miss M. E. Finn, an old schoolmate at both the above Institutions, wore a costume of dark blue velvet.

The groom, Mr. Lloyd, is a young semi-mute, graduate of the High Class of the New York Institution, as also a pupil of Mr. Hodgson, at present employed on the *Churchman*, a religious weekly published in this city. He is a member of "Big Six," also of the C. L. and B. U.

The best man was Mr. John Nevins, a hearing friend of the groom.

After the ceremony at the church, which was conducted by Rev. Father Freeman, and witnessed by several hundred relatives and friends of the contracting parties, a small reception was held at the home of the bride, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd, Jr., left on the New York Central for a bridal tour of two weeks, when they return and make their abode in the residence of the groom's father in the upper part of Harlem.

The presents were manifold, and included some splendid pieces of silver, and the affair altogether auspicious of a happy ending of a long acquaintance, and of two hearts that will hereafter beat as one, and carry with them on their journey together the best wishes of a host of friends that their life will be as "Happy as the day is long." Among those present at the ceremony, were Misses Nellie Kelly, Ryan, Lackas, Kaler, Noble, Brinck, Mrs. J. F. Donnelly, Mrs. James Russell, Messrs. Dundon, Donohue, Brown, Lomergan, and many others whose names cannot be recalled.

There is every reason to believe that May, noted for its great revivals, will be the means of reviving that one time flourishing literary organization known as the Manhattan Literary Association. It is to resume its weekly meetings, beginning Thursday, May 12th, at which all who have any desire to improve their intellectual faculties, are cordially invited to be present. Mr. Adolph Eckardt will preside, and the meeting takes place in the Sunday School-room of St. Ann's, at 8 p.m., sharp. It is expected many "young ideas" will become initiated, and we can see no reason why they should not, and why the association should not be able to regain its footing. There is a determination on the part of those interested to do away with that element, who were the means of creating dissension in its ranks, and we look forward to again seeing the Manhattan Literary Association as strong as ever, and are confident under the management of Messrs. Eckardt, Pach, Godfrey, LeClerc and several others, it will succeed.

Baseball matters are at a stand still, so far as we have been able to glean anything concerning the "Boodlers." May 1st will probably account for this, as several of the ball-tossers had to lend a hand in packing up, loading and unloading, in removing their families and family effects, which duty does not entirely incline one to be very agreeable in baseball discussion.

At St. Ann's Church, on Sunday, a large congregation was present, the confirmation services by Bishop Potter proving an attracting feature. Among those who received the confirmation rite, was one deaf-mute, a young lady pupil of the Lexington Avenue School, the others being mostly hearing persons.

Excursion matters appear to be very quiet, but the Committee are busy attending to several details in regard to same. A reminder that a ticket in

time will swell the line of those who attend, should be considered by everybody. Tickets can be had from Messrs. C. R. Thomson, J. F. O'Brien, Albert Barnes, Thos. Godfrey, or I. Newton Soper. The excursion will not interest you alone, but your friends will be interested also, and for this reason, cut out the advertisement in the JOURNAL, paste it on a piece of card board and show it to them. A sail to and from Poughkeepsie cannot be had every day for fifty cents.

Moving day in New York booms the truckmen, and they are more exacting on May 1st, than any other time of the year. The mute most affected in this regard, was "Clown" Donohue, who gave two days to helping his sister, Mrs. J. C. Hugot, remove from the city to a newly purchased cottage in Mamaroneck, N. Y. The air was blue when he described the details to us.

Artist Tresch has presented a plan for the Gallaudet Memorial, which will doubtless be received with favor by the Committee, who meet this week in Washington. The design is a representation of Dr. Gallaudet seated in a chair, while at his side stands a little boy in knickerbockers. In one hand he holds a book, while with the other he is making the letter A, the boy doing likewise.

Tim Driscoll, the poet McClellan, Fred Peak, Lee W. Bailey, Geo. Lucas Reynolds, and several others made up a decidedly liberal quartette, Sunday afternoon, in the Studio of the *World's* artist. The main discussion was on the prospects of the Manhattan Literary Association.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

## AUGUST, 1888.

An unknown correspondent in last week's JOURNAL, writing from Washington, D. C., quotes a paragraph from page 35 of the report of the second convention held in New York City, and tries to show and prove that the Executive Committee can fix the time of meeting.

The correspondent is wrong, and I invite him to Paragraph 5 of page 34, and also to Paragraph 14 of page 34; also the last paragraph on page 34. "Mr. George inquired if the motion (of Mr. W. A. Bond) just made meant to include year, month and place, and was answered in the affirmative. The motion was adopted."

I also invite attention to paragraph 4 of page 34; and to paragraph 6 of page 34. As will be seen, the Executive Committee selected August, 1888, and Washington City. The convention approved and adopted the report. The convention only gave the Executive Committee power to fix the date. It would be wise to abide by the vote and voice of the convention.

Yours as ever,

W. A. BOND.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 30, 1887.

## A Social Gathering.

Tuesday evening, April 26th, Miss Walter entertained her friends at No. 7 East 62d Street.

Among the guests were Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, Dr. and Mrs. Peet, Rev. Dr. Weston, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Colt and Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Carlin, Mrs. Sip, Mr. and Mrs. Haight, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, the Misses Virginia, Bessie and Sarah Gallaudet, Misses Blauvelt, Montgomery, Howard, Messrs. Fitzgerald, Barnes, and Goldmark, Mrs. Barclay, Mr. Harold Barclay, and Mr. George Peet.

Mrs. Newell and Mr. Haight won the prizes in the very amusing and laughable game of hitting the "Red Donkey," in which all the guests took part. The lovely spring flowers, which decorated the rooms, were much admired, particularly the pink tulips in the center of the supper table. Dr. Weston, Dr. Gallaudet and Mr. Carlin told many pleasant stories, and the evening passed delightfully to all.

We are glad to learn that receipts for the delicious sponge-cake and the delicate orange-cake, which were enjoyed at Miss Walter's collation, will be published in Mrs. Peet's interesting *Hospital Notes*.

Miss Walter's cousins, Mrs. Miller, daughter of the late Gerrit Smith, and Miss Miller, from Geneva, are visiting her.

## Old Papers Wanted.

TO READERS OF THE JOURNAL:—My former calls for deaf-mute papers, living or dead, have met with generous responses. To complete the files of the JOURNAL for permanent presentation, I wish to buy volumes, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 9. I also wish to buy the following numbers:—

1877, Vol. VI; 4, 6, 13, 31, 34, 39, 44, 46, 48.

1878, Vol. VII; 8, 17, 20, 31, 34.

1879, Vol. VIII; 51, 52.

1880, Vol. IX; 37.

1882, Vol. XI; 35.

1883, Vol. XII; 2, 21, 30, 36, 42.

1884, Vol. XIII; 7, 33, 35.

1885, Vol. XIV; 14, 43.

1886, Vol. XV; 31.

Correspondents will please state condition of papers and name the price. Address,

JAMES C. GORDON,  
National Deaf-Mute College,  
Washington, D. C.

Special Service For Deaf-Mutes In Brooklyn.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet proposes to hold a sign service in St. Ann's Chapel, corner of Clinton and Livingston Streets, Brooklyn, on Sunday, May 8th, at 3 p.m.

## FANWOOD.

## Will not play Without their uniforms.

## SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

We have been requested to state, in reply to the suggestion of the "Boodlers," that the Alerts will not, under any circumstances, play without their uniforms. In fact, the school nine has no further desire to meet the graduates than to put an end to the brag and bluster of the latter. In case the New York City graduates will select a nine of *bona fide* graduates of this school, and will name their team a week before the 30th instant, the Alerts will play them on Decoration Day with no favors or conditions on either side, other than that prescribed in the New League Rules. In case the "Boodlers" make no definite arrangements before May 15th, the Alerts will keep to a previous engagement for Decoration Day. However, if the Boodlers care to come along and show their ability, the Alerts will present the following nine: Quigg, catcher; Gately, pitcher; Durian, 1st base; McVea, 2d base; Russell, 3d base; Mull, rf; Gallagher, ss; McConnell, lf; Hannemann, cf. Koffler, substitute.

The Alerts play the Felix nine, of New York, on the Institution grounds, Saturday, May 7th. A good game may be expected, as the Felix are rated a strong team among Amateur clubs.

Miss Mary Martin celebrated her birthday last Thursday. She received an avalanche of congratulations from her friends, which are many at the Institution. At the dinner table, she was obliged to sit underneath a bower of evergreens, prepared by the girls, while the table groaned under the weight of flowers, fruits, cakes and birthday cards of every description, among which was a beautiful basket of choice flowers, a gift from her affectionate teacher, Miss Ida Montgomery. Miss Martin is one of the brightest and best pupils of the Institution, and received those tokens of friendship with becoming modesty.

The question for debate last Saturday evening was: "Would High License tend to lessen the sale of intoxicating liquors?" It was discussed by young gentlemen of the First Class. Those who stood for the Affirmative side were Messrs. Richard R. Tweed and Ira W. Tyler, while the Negative was maintained by Messrs. Edward McKeran and Bernard Gallagher.

The Judges, selected by the President, were Messrs. Peter Mitchell, William Coombs and Joseph Toohey. They, after a short recess, decided that those of the Affirmative side had given the greatest number of points, and were therefore victorious. This being finished, President Fox kept the pupils posted with the events of the season, and told a few short stories which were of much interest.

The boys in the cabinet shop are doing some very nice work in mahogany and walnut under their able instructor, Mr. Henry Intemann. The carving performed by Seiger and Gorth is especially fine. Clinton and Caton, the two blind deaf-mutes, are employed at chair-caneing along with several others, and will probably become expert enough to earn their living after they leave the Institution.

Miss Jane T. Meigs is exercising the same watchful care over the flower beds as of yore. There is not another woman who imparts such interest or is more fully acquainted with the flowers of the Institution than Miss Meigs. It is through her efforts that the lawns in front of the main building presents such a beautiful appearance in summer.

John Torsney is raising rabbits in a secluded place near the Institution, and has twenty-six in number.

Mr. Lutz has been doing much in the way of improving the Institution grounds, the dilapidation of which was caused by the construction of the Ridge Road.

Miss Lillian Ludlam, a cousin of Mr. Chas. Q. Mann, is staying with him at Sylvan Place.

Harry M. Powell, one of Fanwood's graduates, is employed in the "receiving room" of the Standard Type Writer Company, at Ilion, N. Y., and would be pleased to have his school friends call on him.

Monsieur Le Prince sailed for England, last week, on business. He will be gone about five weeks.

One of the water pipes burst on Friday morning, and the Institution was shut off from the usual supply of water until it was set to rights again.

The contractors in the marriage announced by "Tigg" two weeks ago, were former pupils of this Institution.

Head Supervisor Emmons left last week. Mr. Malleddy, a hearing man, succeeded him.

The annual May exhibition will take place on the evening of Thursday, the 12th, at the Broadway Tabernacle, and again at the Institution the week following.

Miss Hawkins, Miss Decker and Wm. F. Durian, of the Institution, were present at the Confirmation given by Bishop Potter at St. Ann's, last Sunday.

Martin Gill, a deaf-mute, arriving in this city from England on the Servia, was brought up by Fred W. Meinken, to see the School last Sabbath.

Mr. and Mrs. Curry, of Grahamsville, N. Y., and Mrs. Andrews, of Harlem, enjoyed a tour of the Institution, last Saturday afternoon.

The face of Joseph Gorth lit up with pleasure last Saturday, as he walked the East River Bridge for the first time.

Mr. Robert Martling came over from Port Chester, N. Y., last Sunday, with Master Winfred Marshall, the seven-year old mute brother of Leslie Marshall, who has been a pupil here since last fall. They are the children of deaf-mute parents, living at Port Chester, and before they were old enough to attend school, they had acquired the use of the sign-language so well that they could make themselves understood.

Mr. Geary finished his lecture on "Iron Hand," before the Peet Literary Society, last Friday evening.

Photographers Pach and Douglas have ruined the chances of all others in the same line of business of making any money out of the Institution. A photographer came around the other day and commenced negotiating, but was politely informed that there would be no demand for pictures, so he strapped his apparatus to his back and left.

The art students commenced outdoor sketching on Monday, and we expect to see every natural object in this vicinity on canvases at the school closes.

Last Saturday afternoon the "Brownies" attempted to defeat the Alerts Reserves, but were not successful as David who slew Goliath, and suffered the humiliating defeat of a score of 53 to 10 in seven innings.

Edward Thimme was seen around here on the 2d inst.

Mr. Valentine, of Harlem, sauntered about this place on the afternoon of Tuesday last. He says he holds a steady "case" at Frank Tousey's Publishing house.

Moses Smith was selling "How to Avoid Wall Street Speculation," at the Institution, on Wednesday. He is the author of the book.

## Government.

I am a great admirer of military government. In the army, every officer and soldier knows his place and duty, and keeps in the one and does the other, and does not interfere with his comrades. If he did not do his duty, he would be promptly brought before a court-martial, and, on conviction, would be cashiered if the offence was committed in times of peace, and shot if it happened to be during war-time. The consequence of every one knowing his duty and doing it in the army, is that everything goes on like clock-work, and there is no fuss or confusion. Friendship is cast aside when it interferes with duty. There is probably no family more clamant than one branch of my own—the members of it are never happier than when they are together. During the late war, two members of that branch—cousins—were in the same company. One was a captain, the other a private. They had been brought up together, and lived with each other like brothers. During the heat of battle, the private disobeyed the captain's orders. The latter told him if he did it again, he would cut him down, and he would most certainly have done so, and rightly too, for no one has a right to disobey one in authority during service, either in civil or military life. It makes no matter whether it is at a fair or in battle—the subordinates must obey, and after it is all over, they can call the one in authority to account if he has exceeded his authority.

The chief benefit of the art of governing, is to do so without seeming to do so. A man who is always prying into what his subordinates do and making a fuss, is never well-served. Philip II, of Spain, was that kind of man. He ruled over half or more of Europe and a great part of America. Of course, no one man could know everything that occurred in such a vast territory. A wise man would have selected good subordinate men who knew their duty and would do it, and turn over all the details to them. He did not do so. He wanted to know every petty detail, and the consequence was that his domain was very badly governed, and he laid the foundation of the ruin of Spain. Too much "red tape" is a bad thing. The same rule holds good in deaf-mute societies. Officers must rule, of course, but they cannot be everywhere at the same time. They must have subordinates whom they can trust to do their duty without being watched all the time, and they should not be always scolding, prying and finding fault with their subordinates. If the latter do not do their duty, they should be dismissed



# MARIAN'S VOW.

It was a bright March morning, the blue-jays darting in and out of the cedartrees, the river rippling along under the willows, whose branches already begin to be veiled with soft, green mist, and the floor of Seth Calliper's kitchen had the pattern of two small-pane windows printed on its surface in type of sunshine, when Marian came in from her morning task of hanging out the clothes.

Mrs Calliper looked up from the potatoes she was paring for the noon dinner.

"Why, Marian," said she, "what's the matter? Got the toothache again?" "It isn't the toothache, mother," said Marian, depositing the clothes basket on the floor with something of a bang. "It's—everything!"

Mrs. Calliper's faded blue eyes opened wide.

"Child, what do you mean?" she said.

Marian's lip quivered. The vivid roses mounted to her cheeks.

"Mother," said she, "I've suspected something, all along, but sometimes these things come over you sudden-like, you know. And when I was hanging out the kitchen towels, behind the smoke house wall, Squire Vanderbruggen drove by with a man, and they sort of slacked up when they came opposite our gate, and the Squire pointed with his whip handle, and I heard him say to the other one: 'That old place is all going to ruin. Look at the chimneys, toppling over; look at the gates, hanging on one hinge; look at the shingles, rotting on the roof; and the stone wall tumbling down. Things can't go on that way long. It'll be in the market presently, and I'll buy it in. But twenty years ago,' says he, mother, 'Seth Calliper was the smartest man and the best farmer going. But he won a hundred-dollar prize in the lottery, and that unsettled him. Every cent he made after that went into the gift enterprise. Nothing prospered with him. All he could mortgage, he mortgaged until finally his brain gave way, and—'

"Hush, Marian!" said Mrs. Calliper, with a quick glance at the room beyond, where a prematurely white-haired man sat rocking aimlessly to and fro, with an unread newspaper in his lap. "He's deaf but sometimes he hears when we least expect it."

"Mother, is it true? You've kept me at Aunt Alma's until the elder girls were married. I know scarcely anything of what has happened at home. Is it true, mother?"

Mrs. Calliper burst into tears. "Yes child it's true," she admitted. "We are very poor; we can't keep up the interest on the old mortgage; and how can folks blame us when the season for summer boarders was so bad and poor father can't do a stroke of work to help us?"

"And yet Louisa and Phebe married, and left you and father to bear all of this alone?"

"It's human nature, child. What else can you expect?"

Marian was silent a moment or two; then she spoke with a choked voice.

"I won't go and leave you, mother!" said she, giving Mrs. Calliper such a hug that the good soul dropped her potato-knife into the parings. "I'll never marry any one until the mortgage is paid up, and the fences built over, and the roof reshingled, and the old place made to look like itself again. No, not if the President himself came to ask me!"

Mrs. Calliper smiled through her tears.

"You are excited, dear," said she. "You don't mean what you say."

"Yes, I do!" persisted Marian. "I meant it! Are the calves ready, mother? It's a pity to miss even an hour of this bright sunshine."

So the farmer's daughter returned to the homely details of her every day life; but in her heart she carried the vow she had made in the first hour of her wounded pride and filial tenderness.

As for Mrs. Calliper, she forgot all about it. Phebe had left her, and Louisa had left her, and so, she reasoned, Marian would also, when the fateful moment came. It was natural. Girls would marry, and the old folks must expect to be left to themselves. Simon Gray was the first suitor that came—a well-to-do young clerk in the village store.

"I've some money of my own," said he, "and I get thirty-five dollars a month in the store; and father and mother'll let me have the south wing of the farm-house to keep house in without rent. And I've always loved you, Marian, since that first Sunday you came home from your Aunt Alma's, and if you'll accept me you shan't have no reason to complain."

"I can't leave father and mother," said Marian, calmly. "Father is helpless and mother is growing old, and I'm the last child at home."

Simon's face lengthened.

"A man ain't generally expected to marry the whole family," stammered he.

"And besides," went on Marian, "I'll marry no man until the old farm is out of debt, and the house is fitted up to look as it once did. No, Simon—many thanks to you, but I'm in no hurry to settle yet."

And Simon went away, scarcely knowing whether to be glad or sorry. Marian Calliper was, by all odds, the prettiest girl in the neighborhood; but who would marry her, weighted as she was with the old folks and the old house?

Neither was Marian herself much disturbed. She liked honest Simon well enough; but as for loving a stupid old fellow like that, it was too ridiculous!

She felt quite differently, however, when Gilbert Weston asked her, one soft September twilight, to be his wife.

"I don't pretend to be rich," said he, "but I can make a nice, cozy little home for you, Marian. And the richest man in all the world couldn't love you more than I do."

"I—I don't feel prepared to be married yet," said Marian, intent on a cluster of tube-roses which she had gathered from the straggling garden.

"I can wait, Marian," pleaded he. "Oh, it isn't worth while for you to wait," said she, hurriedly, for she knew that Gilbert's slender income would not go far toward the object she had at heart.

"But I hope we shall always be friends!"

And poor Gilbert withdrew, cut to the heart.

The next day she accepted John Vanderbruggen, the rich Squire's son.

"He's a sullen, rough sort of a fellow, daughter," said Mrs. Calliper, wistfully. "Are you sure you love him?"

"He has promised to cancel the mortgage," said Marian, exultantly. "And to put the place in order; and he will let me live here with you, dear, and father. What else could I hope for?"

Young Vanderbruggen went home and told his father of the bargain he had made.

"Humph!" grunted the Squire. "Could you not have done better than that?"

"She's got a face like a rose," said John. "I want her, and I'd have her, if it cost twice as much!"

"Humph!" again muttered the Squire. "Well, promises are cheap. And as long as nothing is bound!"

John Vanderbruggen chuckled. He was a true chip of the old block.

"Do you s'pose I didn't know that?" said he.

The week before the proposed wedding however, poor old Mr. Calliper died, quietly sitting in his rocking-chair, and the ceremony was postponed. And one day Marian took courage and went over to the Squire's house.

"John," said she, "I'm sorry if it's any disappointment to you; but I've been thinking it over—and I can't marry you. I don't love you as a wife should love her husband. It was the money I was thinking of—not you. Here is the ring and the presents you have given me. And now goodbye."

John Vanderbruggen turned pale with rage.

"It's Gil Weston you are going to marry!" said he in a choked voice.

"Yes," said Marian, valiantly. "It is. For I love him, and I don't love you!"

So she repulsed the temptation that had so nearly overpowered her better nature, and followed the dictates of her own heart.

"But I can't marry you yet, Gilbert," said she. "I must wait until I have earned some more money."

"And then she told him the story of her vow."

"Mother says," she added, "that a foolish promise is better broken than kept; but I don't feel so. It's very real to me."

"And you are right," said Gilbert. "But we will work together, Marian. What I can save shall be added to your store, and all the while I shall be working for you."

The tears came into Marian's eyes. How thankful she was that she had not married John Vanderbruggen when Gilbert Weston loved her like this!

Scarcely a week had elapsed, when Gilbert came to the old farm-house with a radiant face.

"I can claim you now, Marian," said he. "Sweet-heart, I have sold my farm to a company who are manufacturing axes. They have found a ledge of the very quartz they needed up in the sheep pasture, and the old racket falls would supply the water power. Ten thousand dollars is to be the price. That will take up the mortgage, and fit up this place neater than any pink, and leave us a nice sum to begin housekeeping with. And we will live here. To a young man like me it don't matter much where I am, so that my heart's dearest is with me; but your mother will like to live under the shadow of the roof that has sheltered her so long, I know."

The Vanderbruggens were not pleased. Phebe and Louisa declared that the whole thing from beginning to end was ridiculous and fantastic, especially since their mother had made a will leaving the place to Marian alone. But Marian was happy. Had she not kept her vow?—Helen Forrest Graves.

MAKING EXPLOSIVES.

NERVE AND INDIFFERENCE TO DANGER REQUISITE FOR WORKMEN.

No hospitals are ever required around a dynamite factory, as the wounded are seldom found. In a large establishment, where immense quantities of powder are being handled, there is never an explosion, except it is a very serious one, and all who are within reach are killed outright. Powder men realize this fact, and always assert, with grim resignation, that if any thing happens they never expect to know any thing about it. To be scattered into fragments instantly is their full expectation.

The chief dread connected with the manufacture of all high explosives is the unaccountableness of many explosions. From atmospheric conditions and other unknown and uncontrollable causes explosions often occur in a mysterious and unaccountable manner.

Gelatine is the most powerful explosive now used. It is a compound of gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine, which must be mixed together till it resembles a thick, dark paste, like stiff fruit jelly. The workmen mix it in a pan as a woman mixes flour and water into dough. The hands are covered with long rubber gloves. This gelatine powder or paste is twice as powerful as dynamite, and there is quite a demand for it in blasting the hardest rock in railroad tunnels.

A most stupendous exhibition of nerve and coolness is sometimes required in the life of a man who works in dynamite. One year ago, in a local factory a four-thousand-pound tank of nitro-glycerine suddenly caught fire. Flames six feet high burst from the surface of the fluid. Superintendent Frand Roller and foreman Erick Starke were present, and they immediately turned compressed air into the tank, and by other means suppressed the flames. It must be remembered that the nitro-glycerine will burn until a heat of about three hundred and fifty degrees is reached, and then it will explode. If the fire can be extinguished before that degree of heat is reached, there will be no serious consequences. In the above instance, it was the safer course to try to put out of the flames, as if an explosion was to occur it would come too quickly to allow escape to a safe distance. A man under such circumstances, however, is more liable to use his legs than his thinking faculties. If that tank had exploded its mate standing within six feet of it would also have exploded, sending up eight thousand pounds of nitro-glycerine in one flash. The detonation would no doubt, have been sensibly felt in all parts of the State.—San Francisco Call.

CHARMING TRIFLES.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR OWNERS OF PLETHORIC PURSES.

A tasteful line of rustic flower pins shown this season consists of sprays of roses, daisies or other popular flowers, with leaves of chased green gold and petals of yellow gold in the same finish, each twined around one or two smooth-polished twigs.

A new finish, called the cushion finish, from its similarity to the netting which usually cover pin-cushions, is being used with good effect in sleeve-buttons, bracelets, and even watch-cases, the verisimilitude being further enhanced by the addition at the corner of small stones in lieu of buttons.

The old shoe in oxidized silver, which is appropriately used by grooms-men as a scarf pin, when enlarged, makes a very pretty little match-box. In gold it is considered a stylish lace pin, and it is now being applied with much success as a relief ornamentation on silver match-boxes or similar trinkets. In lieu of nails a row of garnets, whose lurid hue contrasts well with the dark oxidized surface completes the illusion.

One of the most artistic brooches now offered is a round frame of open-work in black enamel, having in the center a circle of clustered diamonds, or a pearl surrounded by diamonds, and on the circumference a narrow band of clustered diamonds set flush. Owing to the lace-like fineness of the open-work the gems stand out from a distance in bold relief. The general effect is varied by the use of other stones in the center or by the substitution of fancy-colored pearls.

It is becoming the custom to ornament thimbles, memorandum-books, pocket-books, prayer-books and other minor articles of utility. The base of the thimble is sometimes overlaid with white enamel, on which delicate tracery or rosettes of fine gold wire-works, set with tiny rubies of diamonds, are applied with charming effect. Memorandum-books are appearing with rich silver mountings and covers bearing beautifully tinted enameled flower designs inscribed with favorite verses and mottoes, while the covers of prayer-books are overlaid with silver, stamped with clusters of daisies, with elaborate designs in enamel and gilt, or with statuettes groups and figures from the pencils of celebrated artists, and by some magic process of the jeweler's art finished like stone.—Jeweler's Weekly.

She couldn't help it.

A pedestrian who was going up Macomb street yesterday discovered a woman sitting on a horse block and making various motions with her handkerchief. He at once braced up, pulled up his collar and smoothed down his coat, and drew near her to scrape and bow and remark that it was a fine day.

"Sorry for you, mister," replied the woman as she folded up her handkerchief and held it to her jaw. "I presume you took this for a mash?"

"Well, ma'am—ahem—you know, I—"

"That's too bad—too bad! you thought I was flirting with you, but I wasn't. It is simply a case of the toothache. Been aching all night, and I'm trying to get up courage to have it pulled."

"Ah! I see."

"It's too bad to put you to all this trouble, but I couldn't help it. It's a case where you really must excuse me."

"I see—ah—"

"I'm glad you do. It's a double tooth. My husband will meet me at the dentist's. Run along, now, and don't feel bad about it."—Exchange.

Failures are plentiful.

An old merchant said years ago that not more than 1 per cent. of the best class of merchants succeed without failing in Philadelphia. Not more than 2 per cent. of the merchants of New York ultimately retire on an independence after having submitted to the usual ordeal of failure, and not more than three out of every hundred merchants in Boston acquire an independence. In Cincinnati, out of 400 business men in business twenty years ago five are now doing business.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Balancesheet, the wealthy merchant, had advertised "Boy Wanted." Enter a young dude who had come to ask the hand of his daughter.

Dude (in a squeaky voice)—I have called, sir, to ask—

Balancesheet (without looking up)—Don't want you, sir. Just hired a boy.—Texas Siftings.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The following lectures will take place at the room of the Brooklyn Society, No. 198 Grand Street, (Tuttle Hall), Brooklyn, N. Y., on the dates given, by the gentlemen whose names are given. The admission is ten cents on each occasion:

May 25, 1887—Lecture, by E. A. Hodgson.  
June 25, " " " " John Wilkinson.  
Sept. 25, " " " " John P. O'Brien.  
Oct. 25, " " " " W. G. Jones.  
Nov. 30, " " " " W. A. Bond.  
Dec. 25, " " " " F. H. Thompson.  
Jan. 25, 1888 " " " " T. Godfrey.

Debates, story telling and transaction of business by members only once each week alternately. The society pays each lecturer, and it believes in "business for business."

W. A. BOND, Chairman,  
H. SEBASTIAN,  
C. SCHINDLER,  
Committee on Debates and Lectures.  
BROOKLYN, March 4, '87.

## Grand Excursion

IN AID OF THE  
HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES.

UP THE HUDSON TO THE  
Home at Wappinger's Falls,

ON THE SALOON STEAMER  
LONG BRANCH,

Tuesday July 26, 1887.

TICKETS, 50 Cents each.  
Children, (Under ten years) 25 Cents each.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Long Branch leaves foot East 23d Street, 8.15 a.m.  
sharp West 21st St, 9 a.m. sharp.

An occasion that, while having all the attractions of a first-class excursion, is, in the sail alone, worth double the money. No better opportunity could be offered to view the superb scenery along the "Rhine of America," by daylight, and very probably by moonlight. With this, all who attend will know they are doing a good turn, as the proceeds go to the current expenses of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

The "Long Branch" has been entirely rebuilt and renovated and redecorated, and arrangements will be made to transform the grounds of the "Home" into a regular excursion resort, comprising all the attractions, viz: swings, shooting-gallery, photograph-gallery, rowboats, platform for dancing, etc., etc.

As to the musical arrangements, Prof. Sause's reputation is second to none in New York and Brooklyn, not alone among our deaf-mutes, but also the hearing community, which will guarantee this part of the programme will be of the very best.

Tickets now ready, and for the present can be obtained from any of the Committee. When arrangements are completed, they can be had of any deaf-mute living in New York City, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Positively no deadheads allowed to cross the gangplanks, and no complimentary tickets given, but to the members of the Press.

Further particulars from time to time.

Committee.  
JOHN F. O'BRIEN, Manager, CLEMENT B. THOMSON, Treasurer, ALBERT A. BARNES.

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**DIRECTORY.**  
For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

**BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.**  
The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jhirring, Pres't; Chas. E. Green, First Vice-President; S. P. Smith, Second Vice-President; Alex. De. zendorf, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Minham, Sergeant-at-Arms. His object is to improve moral, intellectual and a charity among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex. De. zendorf, No. 1608 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.**  
This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Moses I. Aronson; Vice-President, Thos. F. Finnegan; Secretary, Thos. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

**CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.**  
The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. Association, 100 State St. President, A. W. Orent; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services at prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M., at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

**CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.**  
The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 39 West 15th Street. First and last Sunday of each month, lectures by visitors only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President; Sec'y, Geo. Schindler. Address to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., New York City.

**CINCINNATI SOCIETY.**  
The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1875, and has for its object the moral and intellectual improvement of its members, by lectures, debates, and other social exercises. Regular meetings on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, are held in the auditorium of the Cincinnati Public Library, 506 West Street, New York City.

**CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.**  
The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Saints' Church, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, last Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. Siller is President, and Thomas Green is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1917 Monument Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

**DE L'EEB CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.**  
Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of its members. Thomas Green is President, and Mr. Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E. Somerset or 11th St., Leavenworth, 710 Pine Street.

**GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.**  
The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of the deaf-mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President; Bennington; Willie A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

**PAS-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.**  
The Pas-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago deaf-mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, "Advance one step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visits from out of town are welcome. The club is offered as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice-President, Edward King; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Newman; Librarian, Charles Mullen; Secretary, Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

**ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.**  
Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingston St., Brooklyn. Objects mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to William Ennis, 19 Fifth Street, So. Brooklyn Note to—

**ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.**  
The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary and moral improvement of its members will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. E. Gans; Vice-President, F. W. Skoelsch; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Leo A. Fronsing; Trustees, W. L. Campbell and Geo. T. Dougherty. Address the Secretary, 2246 Sullivan Ave.

**THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.**  
This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving educational and moral training to deaf-mutes, which are in need of more services than they can give themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation to promote the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

**THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION**